

Poetry.

THE ENOCH OF CALABRAS.

BY HARRY HAYES.

"Well, dog my cat! By, stranger,
You must have traveled far!
Just food my lower level
And light a fresh cigar.
Don't tell me! In this weather:
You hooped it all the way?
Well, since my liver longed for
Why, stranger, what's to pay?"

"Huntin' yer wife, you tell me,
Well, now dog gone my skin!
She thought you dead and buried
And then bestowed her sin
Upon another fellow!
Just put it here, old pard!
Some fellow strike the soft thing
But you have hit it hard."

"I'm right into your feelings;
I know how it would be
If my own shrub stopped over
And got away from me.
Say, stranger, that old sage hen
That's cooked! That inside
Is warranted the finest wool,
And just a square yard wide."

"I wouldn't hurt yer, pard,
But I tell you no man
Was ever blessed as I am
With that old pelican.
It's gone! on some two year
Since she was 'fined me;
She was a wilder prior,
Her name was Sophy Lee—"

"Good God! Old man, what's happened?
Her? She? Is that the one?
That's her? Your wife, you tell me?
Now reach down for your gun,
I never injured no man,
And no man me, but aequal,
And any one who takes her
Must do it—well he's dead!"

"Listen! Surely, Certainly
I'll let you look at her.
Peep through the door, she's in there.
Is that your Fumit? You're mistaken!
Speak, man! Quick! You're mistaken!
No! Yours! You recognize
My wife, your wife, the same one?
The man who says so lies!"

"Don't mind what I say, partner;
I'm not much on the grub,
But this thing come down on me—
Like four upon a bush.
If that's your wife—hold—steady!
That bottle. Now my coat.
She'll think me dead as you were
My pipe. Thar, I'm afraid."

"But let me leave a message,
No; tell her that I died.
No, no; not that way, either,
Just tell her that I cried.
It don't rain much. Now, partner,
Be to her what I've been,
Or, by the God that takes you,
You'll see me back again!"

Select Story.

A REPAID DEBT.

BY J. W.

It was the dusk of evening, and night's shadows were quietly gathering in the little German village through whose outskirts two lovers strolled. They had left behind them the cottages, and had wandered off among green fields and under the shade of the trees, behind which the sun had almost sunk to rest.

It was the old story, the story of their loving. They had been betrothed since the girl was fourteen. It was well-nigh five years now, and on her nineteenth birthday they were to be married.

She was an orphan, and her snug dowry, lying so safely nestled away in the village bank, she had accumulated by the labor of her own hands. But a shade was on her lover's face to-night, and even in the shadow her quick eye discerned it.

"Sing to me, Hans," she whispered, knowing that in song Hans Werter forgot all else.

After a moment's silence, he obeyed her, and the sleepy birds woke in their nests, and almost indignantly drew their heads from beneath the soft shelter of their wings, to listen to this strange, wonderful rival to the sweetness of their notes. The air was filled with the exquisite melody. It rang full, and clear, and sweet. It sank down to the violets, as they stirred to the listening wind, and soared to the stars.

Poor little Marguerite! Hans' music always brought the moisture to her blue eyes, but to-night it seemed filled with something she had never heard before, and her little hands were tightly interlaced, and her red lips parted in a sort of painful ecstasy.

But at the close, she was all unprepared to see him end the last note in a dry sob, then fling himself down on the sward and bury his face in his hands.

"Hans, what is it?" she cried, sinking down beside him, and trying to raise his head upon her breast.

Was he weeping? She had never in all those years seen him thus moved. His powerful frame seemed shaken to its innermost center by the torrent of emotion which swept over it.

Almost rudely, in his unconsciousness to all but his own suffering, he repulsed her only the next moment to be filled with remorse.

Conquering himself by a mighty effort he drew her to him with gentle force.

"Forgive me, dear," he said softly, "but never ask me to sing again, Marguerite. It only teaches me what I might have been, and what I am. Think what it would be if I had money to reach Italy! I could have the world at my feet, Marguerite—I could be great and famous! I know it—I feel it. But I am chained here, tending my herds and feeding my cattle, powerless to break the chain. I need so much money—so much—and I have so little. Though I sold all I had in the world, it would not bring me to my journey's end. No, no! I must give it up; but never—never ask me

to sing again." The girl answered him nothing, as she stroked the hot brow with the little cool hand, which, all browned and hardened as it was, fell very soft, very lovingly.

In her eyes he was a king, this shepherd lad. Instinctively she knew that silence is oftentimes more healing than speech; and, besides, a wonderful dawning thought had crept into her busy brain, and driven all lighter thoughts away.

Still, silently, they rose and walked silently home. At the door of her little cottage, he stopped and kissed her on the brow, as they stood beneath the stars.

In two more months he was to share her fate—the home left by her dead parents—so they both had thought scarce an hour ago. To-night Marguerite knew differently.

How much would it bring, the sale of this humble little shelter? It was this problem which banished slumber through the long night hours. It was solved three days later, when the sum for its possession by strangers, lay in her hands, and, added to it, the nest-egg from the bank, made in the child's eyes a fortune.

What mattered it that she was beggared? It was for Hans' sake! It was now her turn to be silent, as, hand-in-hand they walked beneath the golden studded skies.

"Hans," she said, at last, very softly, "I have been thinking, dear, since the other night, and—and, Hans, we won't be married yet awhile. A wife would only pull you down, instead of helping you soar to the birds where you belong. I don't want you to think of me—I want you to go away, and study to be a great singer."

And as she spoke, she strove to thrust the bag within his grasp. "Marguerite!" she shrank from the sternness of his tone—"how did you get the gold?"

"Honestly," she answered proudly. "The gold was to have been my dowry; the notes—I sold the cottage for those."

"You did this for me, and you think so meanly of me as that I would accept such a sacrifice?" His voice quivered as he spoke.

"Hans, I was to have been your wife," she whispered. "Who had the right, if not I? Oh, I shall be so proud—so proud, some day, when you come back for your little Marguerite, and I shall be the wife of the great singer! They will point at me and say, yes, he married this little nobody, this little Marguerite, but they say he loves her; and they will think it strange that you should love me from your great height. But you won't forget to do that, Hans—ever, ever—will you, my love?"

"Never until my voice forgets its music! I must pray God to still it forever could my heart prove so false. Something within me, Marguerite, conquers myself. It is hope springing within my breast. I will take your money little one, a sacred debt. Wait for me two years, fraulien; then I will return, to give you richest payment. I swear it, and seal it with this kiss!"

Hans had gone, and Marguerite was left alone. She lived now in one little room, high up many stairs—up which she toiled wearily.

At long distances apart, letters came. Oh, how eagerly Marguerite spelled them out! She slept with them under her pillow by night, and they sank and fell with every pulsation of her heart by day.

Then there were weeks, ayemontis, when she heard nothing, and the child's figure grew thin and her cheeks grew pale.

But one evening, when she had almost given up the hope—when the great dread lest Hans should be ill, dying or dead, remorselessly shadowed her pathway—the messenger smiled a welcome.

But at last, when she broke the seal, something white and fluttering fell to the ground. She stooped to pick it up. What did it mean? It was a little slip, with some figures in one corner.

They represented the exact amount she had given Hans. Bewildered, she turned to the letter. Its words explained:

"I pay you my debt. Think, my little love, what it cost us, yet I earned it, Marguerite, on the very night of my debut. I have sung, and the people have listened. I looked about among all the faces—on all the young and beautiful woman with their eyes fixed upon me—but nothing inspired me. Then I thought of you, and looking straight into space, I forgot them all, darling. The flowers rained at my feet. Great ladies tore the roses from their breast; but I would have given them all, dearest, for one little, wild blossom your hand plucked. They say I will be rich and famous. I can not tell—the world is fickle. The village banker will cash your order. But you need not buy back the little home. I am coming for you soon, to bring you to a cage better worthy of my mountain bird."

Again and again Marguerite read and re-read the precious words. What cared she for money? It had made Hans great.

"Going back to your native village—you, who have the whole world at your feet," sighed one of Florence's most famous beauties, as she looked into the young singer's eyes.

Six months had passed since he had paid his debt to Marguerite, and still he lingered. He had spent thrice that amount, since then, on a trinket to clasp some fair lady's arm. Did he, in holding it so lightly, forget that once it had been a girl's all? Why, then, did the sigh the lady uttered find

a response in his own breast? "It is duty which calls me." "Duty!" she murmured. "Are you sure it is not mistaken duty? All your life has changed, Herr Werter. If, in its early time you pledged it to some rustic maiden, think—could she fill its measure now?"

The beauty's voice trembled. The cool softness of her flesh pressed tightly against his burning palm. "And if I give her up," he said—"what then? You will be mine?"

But the Yes she uttered was hushed by the madness of his kisses. And Marguerite watched and waited. He was coming; therefore he did not write.

It was the second anniversary of the day that was to have celebrated their wedding when the gossips burst into her room.

"Ha, ha!" they said, "did we not tell you so?" pointing as they spoke to the paper, which announced the betrothal of Herr Werter and the greatest beauty of all Florence.

"Leave me," she said at last, when they looked to see what she would do. "I wish to be alone."

But one of kinder heart, after some hours had passed, stole back into the darkened room. The child lay tossing in delirious fever, and the physician, when called, shook his head.

The strain had been too great, he said. She must die.

On the third day after, as the watchers sat about the bed, a step sounded on the stairs. A man stained with the dust of travel, burst impetuously into the room.

"Marguerite!" he exclaimed—"Marguerite!" Then he stopped, and gathered the import of the scene before him. "I did but falter!" he cried, falling on his knees by her bedside. "I came back, my wild German daisy, to tell you so. Oh, Marguerite, is it thus I pay my debt?"

Then, as though the voice must penetrate the mists of fever, the blue eyes opened, a wonderful, ecstatic light in their depths.

"Hans," she whispered—"Hans, forgive me for the doubt which killed me!"

And with the word—a dagger thrust in his own remorseful heart—the spark of life flickered and went out! Marguerite was dead! She who had lived for him, died for him. They found the paper he had sent her amongst her letters.

Thus had he redeemed his debt! An empty slip of paper, worthless to all, to return to him, but bearing the interest of a broken heart.

DRUMMED TO THEIR DEATH.

Singular Slaughter of Rats Over in Newcastle—A Reporter's Deadly Pen-Call.

(New Castle, Pa., News.)

A most remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in the Second ward, this city, on Friday afternoon of last week, being no less than large numbers of rats being enticed to their death by the roll of the drums. A number of the small boys of this city, hearing it said that rats could be brought out of their holes by the beating of drums, determined to try the experiment.

So, procuring a number of these instruments of martial music and half a dozen dogs with a weakness for rat flesh, they proceeded to a barn near Pearson's flouring-mill, in which structure were known to dwell many well fed rodents, who subsisted upon the contents of the grain bins near by.

Stationing part of their number, with drums, in the hay mow of the stable, and the others at the doors with the dogs, everybody was eager for the fray. The drummers brought their sticks down on the taut calf skin, and soon the building shook to its very foundation with the deafening roll.

Several boys had been stationed at various knot holes in the floor of the hay-mow, and these youths, peering down into the semi-darkness below, soon saw little twinkling eyes appear at certain apertures all around the apartment beneath. The drumming was continued, and sharp-pointed noses and then sleek bodies of rats came from the holes. Soon the rapid rolling of the drums seemed to excite the rodents to a point beyond self control. They began to caper and whisk around the stable floor as if intoxicated. They ran around the feed bins in wild chase after each other. So rapidly did they turn corners that their tails snapped with a report like that of a bull whacker's whip, and making the floor fly from their candle appendages so as to fill the apartment with dust. Now was the time for action. The boys with the dogs were signaled, the doors were opened and the hungry canines let in on them. The unfortunate rats seemed to be under a spell and made no attempt to seek their holes. For five minutes slaughter reigned supreme and when it had subsided the floor was covered with the bodies of forty-three rats. Again were the drums called into requisition, and the same scene ensued again. This time thirty-eight rats bit the dust. The boys continued their operations with their drums and dogs all the afternoon, and when evening came there were piled up in front of the stable, mangled, cut and torn, the bodies of 479 rats; in fact all the rodents which have lived and thrived for years on the grain in the mill had been totally exterminated.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the birds shoot and the river runs. Yes, and the air frequently whistles.

A Bit of Testimony in the Whittaker Case.

(New York Star Reporter.)

Lester W. Cornish, a cadet, was called to testify. He said that his room was under that of Whittaker, and that on the night of the outrage his transom was open, but he heard no noise. Ordinarily he could have heard foot-steps in the room above him. He picked up a piece of a letter in Whittaker's handwriting, from the dust box. On his cross examination he was asked:

Did the cadets talk with Whittaker, ordinarily?

I never knew any one who spoke to him other than officially. In my case the reason was that I chose to select my companions. There were others to whom I would not care to speak.

Had you any particular objection?

Yes. Whittaker used something on his hair which was unpleasant to me.

Roars of laughter from the spectators followed, and both Whittaker and Professor Greener seemed highly amused.

Another thing: I never saw him look anyone square in the face, and this was an objection. His color, also, was an objection.

Was not the greatest objection his color? asked Governor Chamberlain.

No, sir; I think his habits was the reason, and I would not have associated with a white cadet under the same circumstances.

Blowing up Stumps with Dynamite. The Indianapolis Journal of February 5, says: "Ex-Sheriff John T. Presley gave a novel entertainment at his farm, northwest of the city, yesterday. Mr. Presley has one of the finest farms in Marion county, most of it under cultivation. In several fields, however, which had been lately cleared, were a number of large stumps, and after working at them for several weeks by ordinary methods he secured the services of Prof. Jenney, of Lafayette, to blast the remaining stumps out with dynamite. After blowing out a number of them singly Mr. Presley conceived the idea of blowing up all the stumps in a 40-acre clearing simultaneously, and this was the entertainment which the visitors witnessed yesterday afternoon. The field selected contains at least 40 acres, and not less than 40 huge stumps dotted its surface. Holes were drilled in the roots of these, on a level with the ground, into which cartridges were inserted and connected with a battery by means of wires. The work of the explosion was entirely satisfactory, and every stump was blown to atoms. Pieces flew upward 200 or 300 feet and were picked up several hundred feet away."

Where Storms Come From. It has been proven that atmospheric disturbances usually move in the same direction across the continent, viz., from west to east, and that about sixty-one per cent of the storms which we have to encounter on the Atlantic have arrived there from the American continent; but it is also known that thirty-nine per cent. of the storms originate upon the Atlantic itself; that only fifty per cent. of the storms observed on the Atlantic arrive at Europe, and the telegraphic reports sent by the Herald Weather Bureau from America to Europe have only an imaginary value. In order to make meteorological observations of real benefits to the mariners, Mr. Hoffmeyer, of Copenhagen, proposes to erect a regular weather service on the islands of Faroe, Iceland, South Greenland, the Azores and the Bermudas, connecting these stations by telegraph with the continents. It is expected that the meteorological institutions of Europe will take steps to make a practical test of these suggestions in the near future.

Locusts in 1881. There are two breeds of periodical locusts, one appearing once in 17 years and the other once in 13 years. The earliest appearance of the 17-year locusts in this country, so far as the records go, was in 1634, at Plymouth, Mass., and they have not failed to appear once in 17 years ever since. Both breeds will appear this year, but not in the same localities. Professor Riley, the entomologist, says that the 17-year locusts will abound next June in Marquette and Green Lake counties, Wis., in the neighborhood of Wheeling, West Va., and probably in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. They may also appear, he says, in the west part of North Carolina, in North-eastern Ohio, Lancaster county, Penn., and Westchester county, N. Y. The Professor says that the 13-year brood will probably be seen in Southern Illinois, in all of Missouri except the northwest corner; in Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina. The two kinds of locusts differ very little in appearance.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Trochies have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and Singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere. oct 7-lyr

A joint resolution has been passed by the Legislature of Arkansas, fixing the pronunciation of the name of that State as "Arkansaw."

Attorneys.

A. L. LEBACK, C. C. SELFIDGE, ATTORNEYS.
Last Law, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over Cary & Co. store.
J. H. TYLER, Attorney-at-Law,
Office in Tyler Block, up stairs, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio. Feb. 18, 1878.

MARTIN KNUFF, Attorney at Law,
Office in Court House, Napoleon, O. Jan 29-79.
A. H. TYLER, Attorney-at-Law
And Notary Public.

Office in room with J. H. Tyler, Tyler Block. Special attention paid to conveyancing. nov 21-79.
R. W. CAHILL, Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office on Washington street, in first building west of Humphrey's old corner. oct 21-80

F. M. RUMMELL, Attorney at Law,
and Real Estate Agent. Office in Adams & Meyer Building second story, Napoleon, Ohio. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. dec 1-78.

C. C. YOUNG, Notary Public and Conveyancer, 1 Liberty Street, Henry County, O. All business of the office promptly attended to. February 22, 1879-80

E. A. PALMER, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Notary Public, Napoleon, Ohio. Also Attorney for Pensioners, Bounty, Back pay, etc. Collections promptly attended to. Office, front room over Vandenberg & Co's clothing store. ap 15-79

DAVID MEKKINSON, Attorney and Counselor - At - Law.
Office, 24 story in Pease Block, Washington St., opposite Court House. Dec 30, 1880.

J. M. HAAG, J. P. MAGAN, Attorneys - at - Law,
Napoleon, Ohio.

ROOMS No. 24 C, York Block. Will practice in Western courts and United States courts. Business will receive prompt attention. April 8-80
S. M. HAAG, W. H. HUBBARD, Attorneys and Counselors - At - Law,
Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio.

Will practice the law in all its branches, in Henry and neighboring counties. Real estate law and Abstracts of Titles a specialty. Office in Heller Block on Washington street, opposite Northwest Office.

Justice of the Peace.
G. H. REEDER, Justice of the Peace,
Office in Shoe store, last door south of Cary's Grocery. Special attention paid to collections which will receive prompt attention. ap 12-79

PHILIP C. SCHWAB, Justice of the Peace, Pleasant township, Henry County, Ohio. New Bavaria P. O. may 23-79

PETER PUNCHES, Justice of the Peace, Marion township, Henry County, Ohio. Hauser, P. O. Box 30. april 19-79

CHARLES EVERS, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public and General Collection and Insurance Agent, Napoleon, Ohio.

Agency for the Hartford, of Connecticut, Scottish Commercial, Glasgow, and other Insurance Companies. Collections promptly attended to and deeds of all kinds drawn on short notice. Special attention paid to collections in the old country.

Agency for the sale of Tickets to and from Europe by the best and Safest Steamboat Lines.
Office in York Block, Napoleon, Oct 30, 1877.

EDWARD FEYTON, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, Napoleon, Ohio.

SPECIAL attention paid to conveying and collecting matters. Office in Brennan Block, first stairway north of Sheffield & Norton's bank. May 6th, 1880.

Physicians.
HOMEOPATHY.
MRS. H. H. SHEPHERD, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over SHEPHERD & SOROTON'S BANK. Entrance 2 doors from head of stairs on Perry street, also 2 doors from head of stairs on Washington street.

J. BLOOMFIELD, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, O. mch 4-79
E. HARRISON, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over Sauer's drug store. Office hours 8 to 9 A. M., 12 to 1 P. M. and 7 to 8 P. M. Nov 28-79

MRS. P. A. SAUR, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Will attend calls in town or country. Office at SAUR'S Drug Store. [Jan 2-78-79]

M. J. MARVIN, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio, will attend to all professional calls in all parts of the county. Saturdays set apart especially for the examination of patients at my office. aug 19-79

DR. J. S. HALEY, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio.

WILL attend to calls in town and country. Office at this residence on Clinton Street. July 1, 1880.

Chemist.
J. L. LEIST, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Napoleon Ohio.
All work done on short notice. Laboratory in Humphrey's Drug Store. my 11

Tonsorial,
GEORGE W. VALENTINE, Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser, Room West Side Perry Street, Napoleon, Ohio. [Jan 16-78-79]

PHILLIP WEBB, Barber and Hair-Dresser, two doors south of Stockman's grocery on Perry street. Patrons solicited and work guaranteed. [oct 18, 78-79]

Geo. Lighthouse, Contractor and Builder, Napoleon, Ohio. All kinds of material furnished and estimates made. Jan 15-80.

Carriage Factory!
LEONHART & SHAFF, Napoleon, Ohio.
MANUFACTURERS of Carriages, Buggies, and Wagons of every description. Special attention paid to light work, which will be guaranteed to be first-class in every particular. Do not go out of Henry County for work but give us a trial. Also do Horse Shoeing and all kinds of repairing. Brick Shop corner Washington and Monroe streets. [7-78-79]

JOHN KUNZ, Blacksmith and Horse Shoer, Front Street, Napoleon, Ohio.
Horse shoeing and general repairing of machinery a specialty. All work done in a workmanlike manner, charges reasonable, and the satisfaction of the public solicited. All orders for repair-work left at this shop will be promptly attended to. JOHN. [Jan 7-79]

NEW LIVERY STABLE.
J. B. FOSTER
Has established a new livery in the quarters formerly occupied by E. T. Barnes, just north of the Miller House, where he will keep teams for hire at low rates, and do a general feeding and livery business. In connection with the above a hack line will be run to and from all stations. Parties wishing to be conveyed to or from the depot can leave orders at the barn or at the Merchant's Hotel. Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 27, 1880-lyr.

Miscellaneous.

Banking House

E. S. Blair & Co.

(Successors to First National Bank.)

NAPOLEON, O.

Deposits received. Collections attended to. Money forwarded to all parts of the world at the lowest rates. 100 Collections promptly attended to.

BANK!

Sheffield & Norton.

NAPOLEON, OHIO.

Deposits received. Collections attended to. Money forwarded to all parts of the world at the lowest rates. Also represent the

Best Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the Country.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DIEMER,

At his Meat Market, Perry street, keeps on hand the choicest Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Hams and Shoulders, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, etc. Farmers having fat cattle, hogs, sheep, and other stock for sale should give me a call.

DENTISTRY.

A. S. CONDIT,

(Successor to W. H. Stillwell.)

DENTIST.

Office over Reeder's Boat and Shoe Store. All operations pertaining to Dentistry carefully performed. Laughing Gas, administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and prices to suit the times.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.
Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1878.

Sash and Blind Factory!

AND

PLANING MILL.

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors.

Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of any thing in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casings, Floorings, Siding, Shingles, Finished Lumber, and every kind of lumber required for a building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, walnut, whitewood, ash and oak lumber brought and sold.

THIESSEN, HILDRED & CO.
January 1, 1880.

AT LAST!

The Thing Most Needed!

GO NOT AWAY HUNGRY!

JOHN BEILHARZ

HAS OPENED

Dining Parlors

Up stairs in Ludman's block over Norton & Co's Store, on east side of Perry Street, Napoleon, where

WARM MEALS,

Oysters by the dish or can, tea, coffee and all that the hungry man craves, can be had at all hours, day or night.

Oysters by the can..... 40cts.
Oyster stew..... 30cts.
Oyster pie..... 25cts.
Oyster fry..... 25cts.
Warm meals..... 25cts.

Well furnished parlors for ladies.

War! War! War!